

# Good Morning 254

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

## DICK GORDON Presents STAGE SCREEN and STUDIO

THIS is a story of three men. It started years ago, when two of them were neighbours. The two boys were such good pals that both enrolled at the same college. Then one left school to join the Navy when the United States entered World War I. The other soon followed.

Still friends, they even pooled interests after the war when they tried to become actors. Sharing a room, they lived on a modest budget. Did it, too, by sticking to puffed rice and water. Once, they missed eight meals in a row.

Big, sturdily built youngsters, they swallowed their pride and risked the jibes of their friends by posing for commercial artists. But it paid the rent.

Then the boy who enlisted first in the Navy, the one with straight hair, was given a dress suit. He signed over half interest in it to his pal. Whenever things got too tough, the suit could go to the pawnbroker. But no matter how bad things went, they managed to make a ritual out of one meal a week. This was the beginning of their "club."

Occasionally, another young hopeful joined them. He was a struggling dancer on Broadway.

One day, the one with curly hair had a chance for a role, providing he had a dress suit. He rushed home, only to find both the suit and his friend gone. Frantic, he went on a hunt for him, but it wasn't until midnight that room-mate and the suit turned up. He, too, had a role which called for a dress suit. The two tossed a coin. The straight-haired boy won. Because he'd had a cash advance, he handed half of the money to his friend, packed up the suit, and left. They were separated for the first time. Years passed, each went his own way.

To-day, both are in Hollywood. They are "big names." The boy who joined the Navy first, recently starred in a thrilling drama of the sea, often plays Naval officers.

The curly-haired lad who followed him into World War I is now starring in a forthcoming Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer war drama. None of them has to worry about their next meal today.

But recalling the days when a doughnut and a cup of coffee were luxuries, they meet regularly once a week for dinner—the best they can afford. Yes, the "club" is still in existence.

The names? Well, the "song and dance man" revealed his talents into an "Oscar" this year. He's Jimmie Cagney.

The first boy to join the Navy? He's Pat O'Brien.

The one with curly hair has cornered two Academy awards since the night he combed Broadway for Pat and his half interest in a dress suit. He's Spencer Tracy.



AND here's another tale. It's about autographs.

Joel McCrea tried to get a soda out of the mechanical studio dispenser the other day. The mechanical dispenser, how-

ever, must have been on a sit-down, for Joel deposited forty cents and the machine moved not a muscle.

Annoyed, Joel left a note saying, "You owe me 40 cents, Joel McCrea."

Later, on the set, he got an anonymous note thanking him for the autograph. . . .

Claudette Colbert was getting into her car on the Boulevard the other day when a man



came up and handed her his auto license.

Puzzled, Claudette asked what he wanted. "Would you mind autographing it," he said "I'll never have this chance of getting you again—and this is the only thing I have with me you can write on!"

Errol Flynn recently drove into a gas station and filled his car with gasoline.

He signed a slip for it. The attendant grinned. "That's one tank of gas you'll never pay for," he said. "My little daughter has always wanted your autograph, and it's well worth the price of the gas."

Errol tried to pay the man cash, but nothing doing.

## Rhoda

# is a fine dancer and Pianist now L/S Bob Duddy—JUST WAIT!

LEADING SEAMAN ROBERT KENNETH DUDDY, here is a message and photograph from your pretty 26-year-old A.T.S. wife. She says:—

"Give him my love, and say that everything is going well."

We found your wife very well and happy, Bob, at 17 Cambridge Grove, Whitefield, Manchester. She says that when you come you will find that she has changed—for the better, too! She has grown beautifully slim, her cheeks have filled out, and they are now a nice rosy red.

The cause? Exercises pure and simple. When your wife did some of her exercises for us, including putting her legs behind her head, we thought that she was going in for Adagio; but she stuck to her guns, insisting that they were exercises.

We did not argue. Do you blame us, when she had just told us that she had been

taking a course in "unarmed combat"?

Rhoda is now a corporal and in charge of the clothing for three hundred girls. She says that she likes the A.T.S. more than ever.

She is also learning to play the piano, and has already become a professional dancer. So it's up to you to keep on your toes when you come home, Bob.

Mrs. Mills, your mother-in-law, sends her love to you, and says that she would like a letter from you now and again.

Maggie—remember her, as she came tramping down the street? She has been asking after you, and she wants to know if your boots still let "wattar" in?

And so, with this brief news from home, Leading Seaman R. B. Duddy, we say "Good Morning."

# BING! And make money swing



says HENRY WALTON—personal friend of Crosby

taken, and the Crosby family began to develop big business from Bing's ability to satisfy everybody with his singing.

His horses, which his friend, Bob Hope, usually manages to bring into a radio, have brought Bing Crosby many a large sum of money. And he races in colours taken from his signature tune, "When the blue of the night meets the gold of the day."

Without cheapening himself in any way, but by giving the "customers" what they want—he enjoys hearing people say "That fellow can sing anything"—Bing has made a large fortune.

And, as a point of interest, all proceeds from his religious recordings go to charity. The last one amounted to eighty thousand dollars!

Frank Sinatra, who has been "built up" as one of Bing's rivals, was recently turned down by a U.S. medical board for service with the armed forces—and it was reckoned that this will result in Frank, within the next few months, pocketing £10,000 as the result of his singing.

Not bad for a young fellow who was earning four pounds ten a week until a very short time ago!

We in Britain, until his death as the result of an air raid, had perhaps the most successful popular singer outside America.

That was Al. Bowly. The

dark-haired, good-looking young man, when he went to America after gaining great fame in Britain, made a small fortune over the radio and on records, and it is my opinion that he was far better than the much-boasted Frank Sinatra.

Still, to the artistes the thing that matters is a good audience and a fat contract. Frank appears to have both.

Among the women who have made a fortune at the microphone are the Boswell Sisters, Andrews Sisters, Dinah Shore, Dorothy Lamour. In Britain, young Ann Shelton, a singer of very great talent, also looks to be set for a career of fame and fortune.

Like Bing Crosby, the youthful Dinah Shore set the seal on her fame and fortune by way of radio and gramophone. Her first recording, "Yes, my darling daughter," sold 300,000 copies—and that brought in plenty of royalties.

Since then Dinah has added stage, screen and radio contracts, and helped considerably to swell her bank balance.

You're right, "Binging" does bring in cash in plenty—but you've got to have the talent before you can expect such reward.

Still, you'll never stop youngsters, with or without talent, trying to emulate Bing. So, if you're fancied on this royalty route to Fortune—take it!

## The £.S.D. OF IT

## BEING A MAYOR

ELECTING one of its citizens to the office of Mayor or Lord Mayor is one of the highest honours a town or city can pay him. But it is apt to be an expensive honour—for the Mayor.

The war has resulted in a great reduction in the traditional ceremonies and feasting, but the Mayor is still, in most instances, expected to lead charity subscription lists and to spend freely when visiting bazaars.

Some Mayors are paid, but in no case does the payment cover his expenses. Highest paid is the Lord Mayor of

London, who draws £12,500.

The Lord Mayor of Liverpool gets £3,000. Birmingham, Manchester and Leeds pay their Lord Mayors £3,000 during their year of office. Plymouth and Leicester pay £1,000. Nottingham only £750. Smaller towns allow smaller amounts. Chatham allows £300, Salford £500.

But the amount does not depend upon the size of the town. For instance, Blackpool, with a comparatively small permanent population, pays twice as much as Salford, a larger town.

In Blackpool's case, of course,

the sum is well invested, for the Mayor is in the position virtually of host to the countless thousands of visitors upon whom Blackpool depends for its prosperity.

In the case of really small places, the expenses of Mayoralty may amount to less than £100 a year. Nevertheless, this is too much for working men, and there have been many instances of their having to refuse the honour.

In some years there have been a dozen or more towns which have found the greatest difficulty in getting a Mayor.

One of the big expenses may be the robes. In most cases these can be altered to fit—in itself a considerable expense—but in others, new

robes are demanded. The cost of a robe may be up to £150.

Most lavish spender of necessity is generally the Lord Mayor of London. The cost of the famous banquet in recent years has been about £4,000, shared between the Lord Mayor and the two Sheriffs. The cost of official dinners during the year averages £7,000.

The upkeep of the Mansion House is about £2,000. There are scores of other bills, from £500 for stationery, upwards.

Altogether it is calculated the year in office may cost the modern "Dick Whittington" anything from £10,000 to £20,000 in addition to his allowances.

## ODD CORNER

John Bull was originally a character in a satire called "The History of John Bull," written by Dr. Arbuthnot in 1712. By a coincidence, the music of our National Anthem was composed by an earlier Dr. John Bull, organist in the Chapel Royal in 1591.

Mrs. Grundy was also a real character. She was the wife of the Hon. Felix Grundy, of Tennessee, and was an insufferable prig. Her character was drawn upon by Thomas Morton for his play, "Speed the Plough," which was produced in England in 1798.





# QUIZ

for today

1. An exon is a permit, prison warden, military officer, snake, vehicle, Dutch doctor?
2. Who wrote (a) The Barber of Seville, (b) The Shaving of Shagpat?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—Keats, Shelley, Donne, Heine, Tennyson, Wordsworth.
4. On which side of a book, right or left, would you look for page 48?
5. How many "Jacks" can you think of in children's stories?
6. How many wives did King Solomon have?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt?—Tamarind, Thyroid, Theodilite, Torque, Tamborine, Tamarisk.
8. Of what nationality is a child born at sea?
9. Which is the off-side of a horse?
10. What two objects does Father Time usually carry?
11. The capital of U.S.A. is Washington D.C. What does the "D.C." stand for?
12. Complete the titles: (a) Bishop of Sodor and —, (b) Bishop of Bath and —.

## Answers to Quiz in No. 253

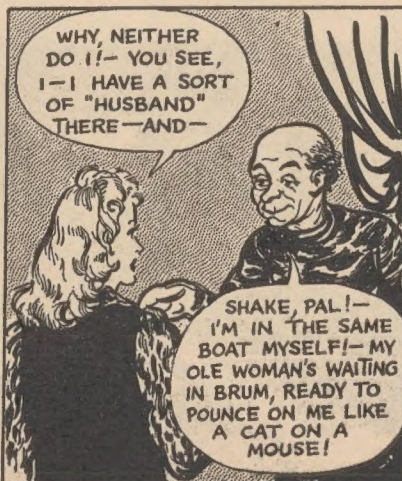
1. Animal.
2. (a) Chaucer, (b) H. G. Wells.
3. Milk is not manufactured; the others are.
4. Slowing down.
5. BR from Brno, in Czechoslovakia, and EN from Enfield, where it was improved.
6. Mege-Mouries, a Frenchman, in 1874.
7. Ichneumon, Octoroon.
8. Monogasec.
9. Solid, in finely-divided state.
10. Shakespeare, in "As You Like It."
11. Wellington.
12. (a) Of the earth, (b) Ashes.

## USELESS EUSTACE



"Lumbago my foot!—Low-flying aircraft!"

## JANE



# Continuing: Dr. Manette's Manuscript. By Charles Dickens

## Her eyes were dilated and wild

THE patient was a woman of great beauty, and young; assuredly not much past twenty. Her hair was torn and ragged, and her arms were bound to her sides with sashes and handkerchiefs.

I noticed that these bonds were all portions of a gentleman's dress. On one of them, which was a fringed scarf for a dress of ceremony, I saw the armorial bearings of a Noble and the letter E.

I saw this within the first minute of my contemplation of the patient, for in her restless strivings she had turned over on her face on the edge of the bed, had drawn the end of the scarf into her mouth, and was in danger of suffocation.

My first act was to put out my hand to relieve her breathing; and in moving the scarf aside the embroidery in the corner caught my sight.

I turned her gently over, placed my hands upon her breast to calm her and keep her down, and looked into her face. Her eyes were dilated and wild, and she constantly uttered piercing shrieks, and repeated the words, "My husband, my father, and my brother!" and then counted up to twelve and said "Hush!"

For an instant, and no more, she would pause to listen, and then the piercing shrieks would begin again and she would repeat the cry, "My husband, my father, and my brother!" and would count up to twelve and say "Hush!"

There was no variation in the order or the manner. There was no cessation, but the regular moment's pause, in the utterance of these sounds.

"How long," I asked, "has this lasted?"

To distinguish the brothers, I call them the elder and the younger; by the elder, I mean him who exercised the most authority. It was the elder who replied, "Since about this hour last night."

"She has a husband, a father, and a brother?"

"A brother."

"I do not address her brother?"

He answered with great contempt, "No."

"She has some recent association with the number twelve?"

The younger brother impatiently rejoined, "With twelve o'clock."

"See, gentlemen," said I, still keeping my hands upon her breast, "how useless I am, as you have brought me! If I had known what I was coming to see I could have come provided. As it is, time must be lost. There are no medicines to be obtained in this lonely place."

The elder brother looked to the younger, who said haughtily, "There is a case of medicines here," and brought it from a closet and put it on the table.

I opened some of the bottles, smelt them, and put the stoppers to my lips. If I had wanted to use anything save narcotic medicines that were poisons in themselves, I would not have administered any of those.

"Do you doubt them?" asked the younger brother.

"You see, monsieur, I am going to use them," I replied, and said no more.

I made the patient swallow, with great difficulty, and after many efforts, the dose that I desired to give. As I intended to repeat it after a while, and as it was necessary to watch its influence, I then sat down by the side of the bed. There was a timid and suppressed woman in attendance (wife of the man downstairs), who had retreated into a corner.

The house was damp and decayed, indifferently furnished—evidently recently occupied and temporarily used. Some thick, old hangings had been nailed up before the windows, to deaden the sound of the shrieks.

They continued to be uttered in their regular succession, with the cry, "My husband, my father, and my brother!" the counting up to twelve, and "Hush!"

The frenzy was so violent that I had not unfastened the bandages restraining the arms; but I had looked to them, to see that they were not painful.

The only spark of encouragement in the case was that my hand upon the sufferer's breast had this much soothing influence, that for minutes at a

time it tranquillised the figure. It had no effect upon the cries; no pendulum could be more regular.

For the reason that my hand had this effect (I assume), I had sat by the side of the bed for half an hour, with the two brothers looking on, before the elder said:

"There is another patient."

I was startled, and asked, "Is it a pressing case?"

"You had better see," he carelessly answered, and took up a light.

The other patient lay in a back room across a second staircase, which was a species of loft over a stable. There was a low, plastered ceiling to a part of it; the rest was open, to the ridge of the tiled roof, and there were beams across. Hay and straw were stored in that portion of the place, faggots for firing, and a heap of apples in sand. I had to pass through that part to get at the other.

My memory is circumstantial and unshaken. I try it with these details, and I see them all, in this my cell in the Bastille, near the close of the tenth year of my captivity, as I saw them all that night.

On some hay on the ground, with a cushion thrown under his head, lay a handsome peasant boy—a boy of not more than seventeen at the most. He lay on his back, with his teeth set, his right hand clenched on his breast, and his glaring eyes

looking straight upward. I could not see where his wound was, as I knelt on one knee over him; but I could see that he was dying of a wound from a sharp point.

"I am a doctor, my poor fellow," said I. "Let me examine it."

"I do not want it examined," he answered, "let it be."

It was under his hand, and I soothed him to let me move his hand away. The wound was a sword-thrust, received from twenty to twenty-four hours before, but no skill could have saved him if it had been looked to without delay. He was then dying fast. As I turned my eyes to the elder brother, I saw him looking down at this handsome boy whose life was ebbing out, as if he were a wounded bird, or hare, or rabbit; not at all as if he were a fellow-creature.

(To be continued)

## ALLIED PORTS

Guess the names of these ALLIED PORTS from the following clues to its letters.

My first is in BREEZE, but not in FLURRY.  
My second's in INDIA, not in CURRY.  
My third is in RICHMOND, not in KEW.  
My fourth is in ZEALAND, not in NEW.  
My fifth is in RIVER, though not in FLOOD.  
My sixth is in SANDBANK, not in MUD.  
My seventh's in ESTUARY, not in MOUTH.  
My last's in AMERICA, not in SOUTH.

(Answer on Page 3)

## IS Newcombe's Short odd—But true

Elizabethan sailors nicknamed the Spaniards "daggers" because they were constantly appealing for help from their patron saint San Diego.

A man named Steve Brodie jumped into the Niagara in 1889 and went over the falls, dressed in a rubber suit reinforced with steel bands, and survived the ordeal.

The Archbishops of Canterbury sit by prescriptive right in the House of Lords, as do the Bishops of Durham, London and Winchester. The twenty-one other Bishops sit by date.

"Hoodoo" means something which brings bad luck, and though "Voodoo" is sometimes used in the same sense, it is really a degraded mode of worship practised in Haiti and elsewhere, one of the rites being human sacrifice.

## CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS.									
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
10					11				
12				13	14			15	
		16	17				18		
19	20					21			
			22		23				
24	25			26				27	
28			29					30	
31		32		33		34			
		35				36			
37						38			

CLUES DOWN.  
1 Separately. 2 Young fishes. 3 Strength. 4 A home. 5 Repeat aloud. 6 Tart. 7 Rocky hill. 8 Envoicements. 9 Acts of affection. 14 Cry of joy. 15 Unit of work. 17 Row. 20 Small fish. 21 Aloe fibre. 23 Hollow in cheek. 24 Fundamental. 25 Break hole. 26 Behold. 27 Constellation. 29 Foreign coin. 32 Climbing plant. 34 Space of time.

STILT PANES  
PIN IPSWICH  
ARCHER ALLY  
ROLE YAK A  
RURN BEFIT  
ODD ONE ERA  
WREST DID L  
E HEM CEDE  
SAGO OBERON  
EMANATE AFT  
TYPES COLFS

## MIXED DOUBLES

Two words meaning the same thing ("comic" and "funny," for instance) are jumbled in phrase (a); and two words with opposite meanings (e.g., "past" and "future") are mixed in phrase (b).

(a) NOTICE UNDER A CUP.  
(b) MARKED BEN.

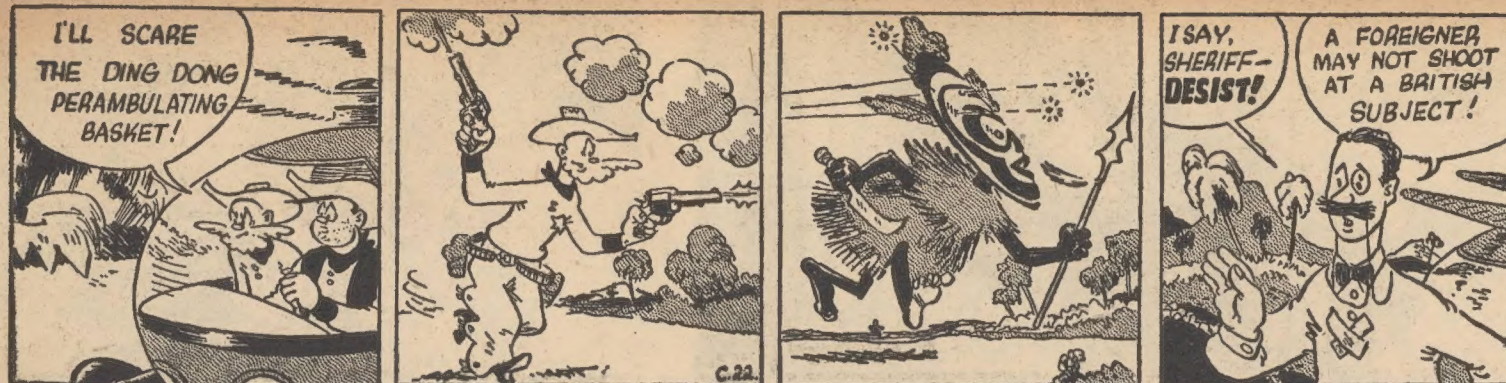
(Answers on Page 3.)

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## BEELZEBUB JONES



## BELINDA



## POPEYE



## RUGGLES



## GARTH



## JUST JAKE



## CLUBS AND THEIR PLAYERS

No. 20

By JOHN ALLEN

## MANCHESTER CITY

MANCHESTER CITY Football Club are typical of the people from whom they claim their followers. They are real "stickers." Never do they admit defeat. This trait in their make-up was evident in 1933, when they played Everton in the Cup Final.

The Evertonians, under the leadership of Dixie Dean, defeated Manchester City, and when His Majesty the King sympathised with Sam Cowan, the City skipper, Sam replied, "We shall be here next year for the winner's medals, Your Majesty."

He was true to his word, for the following year, 1934, Manchester defeated Portsmouth by two goals to one.

In the City goal was a young giant named Frank Swift. He was a lifeboatman from Blackpool, and but a year before had not dreamt that he would one day be guarding the Manchester City goal in the Final.

He was an amateur on the club's books, and, being anxious to see the Final against Everton, rode down to London on the back of a friend's motor-bike. He stood behind one of the goals, among the general public, and saw his side defeated. Twelve months later he played an inspired game in the net he had stood behind. Later he won a League Championship medal, with the City and England caps.

The outside-left in that great Manchester City side was Eric Brook, surely one of the finest footballers ever to play for the City and England. An unfortunate road accident closed his career a short time ago, but Eric will never be forgotten.

He was a real "wanderer," and loved football. I have seen him, when other players have been injured, fill half-back, full-back, and even take over the goalkeeper's duties. On one occasion, when at Chelsea, he donned the injured goalkeeper's sweater—and was "lost."

And Eric—who made some terrific, if unusual, saves!—laughed as much as the spectators. A great club-man, a fine footballer, and wonderful personality, he always gave spectators good value for money.

But then, Manchester City have always had wing forwards of outstanding ability, their most famous being the one and only Billy Meredith. He worked in the mines, and was first signed on as an amateur. Then, turning professional, he gained a Welsh international cap in his first season—the first of 51. Altogether he played for over thirty years in top-class football, scored 287 goals, the last Cup goal being when he had passed the 50th year mark. It was against Brighton.

Billy Meredith, who was a great right-winger in every sense of the word, always chewed tobacco when working in the mines. When playing football for a living, he felt "lost" without his "chew." Someone suggested a tooth-pick. He tried this, found that he played all the better, and kept the habit throughout his great career.

Manchester City, now numbered among football's elite, have had many of the game's finest players wear their blue shirt, yet it may surprise many to know that the City have often had to struggle to keep their head above water.

It was as Gorton F.C., in 1880, that they were formed, but when their ground was lost the club lapsed. Eventually, five years later, the club was reorganised and made into a professional side.

Their first professional received a salary of five shillings a week.

## Short Odd—But True

Introduced as a temporary war measure in 1798, income tax was abolished in 1815. Alas, it reared its ugly head again in 1842, and has been with us ever since. Exactly seventy years ago it was 2d. in the £. For years Jersey levied an income tax of 6d. in the £, and the taxpayers thought it a hardship when, in the 1930s, it soared to the high level of 10d.

Big Ben does not always tell the correct time; in fact, it is wrong twice in every hour. When the big minute hand approaches the first quarter its great weight makes it drop five seconds early, and on the other side of the face, also due to its weight, it reaches IX some five seconds late.

Solution to Allied Ports:  
ZANZIBAR.

Answers to Mixed Doubles.  
(a) CAUTION & PRUDENCE.  
(b) BREAK & MEND.



# Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"  
C/o Press Division,  
Admiralty,  
London, S.W.1.



Yes, mother love is the same the world over, even though some babies cannot be made as comfortable as others. This young Gibbon could not possibly complain, though we can't say it looks too happy.

## This England

Surely one of the most picturesque towns in all England. A street in Rye, Sussex.

"Oh, no... if you don't sit up like the puppy does, well... you can just go without."



## SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Just being pig-headed of course."



How long IS a piece of String?



SPOTS BEFORE THE EYES!



LONESOME AND SORRY